



Douce
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301



The rage of passion will not stay;
But Patience makes a wise delay.

H. Z. Hasboll
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MASTER HEADSTRONG,
AND
MISS PATIENT,
IN THEIR JOURNEY TOWARDS THE
LAND OF HAPPINESS.

CONTAINING
An Account of the various Difficulties
that Master HEADSTRONG experienced
by listening to PASSION, leaving Miss
PATIENT, and not consenting that
REASON, whom they met on the road,
should always direct his Course.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MASTER HEADSTRONG,
AND
MISS PATIENT,
ON THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

ACCORDING to some old
record, which fell into the
hands of the author of this lit-
tle book, once in a time, Master
Headstrong, a young gentleman of a
very obstinate disposition, set out on

a journey to the Land of Happiness—He took no companion with him, but on his way he met with Miss *Patient*, an elderly staid female, called *Reason*, and a youth who was known by the name of *Passion*—The last of these came rushing on like a torrent, and generally went to the left; Miss *Patient* came on more sedately upon the right hand, while *Reason* kept the middle way.

A stream, however, stopped them, and a storm drove them to shelter, when commencing an acquaint-

ance,

—“whither are you going so fast?” said Miss *Patient* to Master *Headstrong*.—“Whither are you creeping so slowly!” said he. On comparing accounts, it appeared they were both bound for the Regions of Happiness, towards which *Reason* offered to direct their course. *Passion* said, he was full as well acquainted with the way, and Master *Headstrong* was much inclined to believe him; but after some disputes they consented that she should be their guide, as she had conduct-

ed many to the country they were in search of.

This was accordingly agreed on for the present; and before the tempest was over, Master *Headstrong* and *Passion* were for setting out and pursuing their journey—

“We had better wait a while,” said Miss *Patient*, “there are clouds which threaten more showers, nor do we know yet whether yonder stream is fordable; there may be danger in the trial.”

“There is more danger of los-

ing

“ing our time by delay,” cried *Passion*! but as the matter was left to *Reason*, she determined that they would wait a little—so they staid till the clouds began to disperse, and then went directly to the stream, into which, forgetting their agreement, *Passion*, followed by *Headstrong*, violently plunged; but after repeated trials and much danger they were both obliged to return, while Miss *Patient*, suffering herself to be guided by *Reason*, found a place that was passable, where they

went

went over with ease; and their companions, after much weariness and lost labour, were under the necessity of following their example.

The way now seemed plain before them; when *Passion* told *Master Headstrong*, that it would be loss of time to go on slowly. Accordingly they hurried forward, and found the road broad and agreeable. But at last they arrived at a place where two ways met; as they could not stay to deliberate, in the absence of *Reason*, whom they
had

had left with *Miss Patient*, behind them, they instantly chose the left-hand road, which had a flattering appearance: this soon also divided into various paths, at which *Master Headstrong* at first began to hesitate; but *Passion* urged him on, observing, that from the direction of all these paths there was not a doubt but that they would all end in the great road: "why then should we wait," says he, "for *Miss Patient*, who, with her companion *Reason*, may have taken some round-
"about."

"about way, and are always re-
 "markedly slow in their motions;"

Our hero listened to his fellow-traveller, as he was too much disposed to do, and took one of the paths at a hazard, without considering whether it would lead him. But it was not long before he became sorry for his resolution; for after having passed many a craggy path, he found himself entangled in a wood full of thorns and briars, through which it was with the utmost difficulty that he made his way.

What

What added to his trouble was, that it was now night-fall; the sun was set, and darkness soon added to the horror of the place.

He now missed *Passion*, and regretted that he had so soon quitted the company of *Reason*, who might have contributed to help him out of his difficulty; but how to return to her he knew not; he was therefore resolved to go on, and was just spent with fatigue, when he saw a glimmering light, which he made up to, and having got out of the wood,

wood, entered a spacious plain, with a large building in full view, the windows of which were filled with lights, and the roofs rang with music.

Transported with joy, he hastened towards it, having first drank of a fountain which presented itself to him unexpectedly, and revived his weary spirits. He proceeded to this palace by a walk lined on either side with trees, that were hung with lamps of different colours, that shed a beautiful light, whilst

whilst nightingales sang among the branches.



Pleasure, with eagerness, we view ;
But guilty pleasure ne'er is true.

And

And here again he was joined by *Passion*, who had gone aside into another path, as he said, by chance. "But," adds he, "it is as I told you; and though I dare say you met with some difficulties, yet, you know, no good is to be gained without trouble—You see we have met again, and that in a very proper and happy place—Look round you, and see how charming every thing appears, even at night; what a fine prospect then shall we have to-mor-

"row,

"row, when the glorious sun rises on this delightful country! But in the mean time we must not, delay proceeding to yonder building, where we may refresh ourselves for the night—There you will find every thing proper to comfort you after the fatigues of your journey—In short that is the Palace of *Pleasure*, and you need not doubt but we are in the right road to Happiness."

B

Master

Master *Headstrong* was much comforted by this discourse, and quickening his pace, soon came to the lofty building, where they were received by a train of young men and women, richly dressed, who invited them to partake of their pleasures, and conducted them into a spacious room, where there were a number of both sexes assembled, dancing, singing, and drinking the most agreeable liquors. At the upper end of the hall sat a lady richly habited, of a most excellent

shape

shape and complexion, as far as her skin was discovered; but she wore a veil over her face, as if from modesty, and which *Passion* judged to be the thin covering of excellent beauty. But in the midst of their mirth entered an elderly man, whom they all seemed industriously to avoid. However, he mingled with the crowd, and after frequently interrupting their sport, seemingly in a very ill-natured manner, went up to the lady who seemed to preside, and in spite of

all her efforts to avoid him, seized her, and plucked the veil from her face, when exposed she appeared a most ugly, loathsome witch, cloathed in filthy rags, and a shocking figure of deformity.— While Master *Headstrong* stood in surprize, *Passion* disappeared, and the old man striking the ground with his wand, the palace vanished, the lofty pillars and the painted ceilings were no more, the music and musicians were lost together, and

and all was instantly changed to a dreary forest.



So like a dream, false joys will fly,
And leave us e'en before we die.

Here, pining with anguish, and almost lost in despair, Master *Headstrong* laid himself down on the cold ground; wearied as he was, endeavouring to take some rest; but no sooner did he close his eyes, than he heard a noise, like the howling of wild beasts in his ears—He rose and looked about him, but saw nothing—he lay down again, when he was roused as by the sounding of a thousand trumpets; and these noises were repeated

repeated every time he attempted to take any repose.

He rose at break of day, almost as much fatigued as ever—when, while he stood thinking for a moment (the first time he ever did so) which way he should travel, an old man appeared at his side, in whose countenance he thought he discovered the traces of that very disagreeable person who had so lately spoiled their mirth at the palace—"Detestable wretch!" cried *Headstrong*, "what dost thou here?"

"thou hast already destroyed my
 "satisfaction. Art thou come still
 "further to torment me?"



The tempting scenes by fancy wrought,
 Will fly before our serious thought.

"Your

"Your satisfaction," said the old
 man, "will always be soon destroy-
 "ed, if it is not better placed than
 "it was then."

"I don't know that," said *Head-*
strong; "but I well know I was
 "then highly pleased, and am now
 "most miserable; every thing crof-
 "ses me."

"No wonder," replies the *Phan-*
tom—"You were then entertained
 "in the palace of *False Pleasure*—
 "You are now in the realms of
 "*Disappointment*. There every thing

"you

“you heard and saw was but empty
 “show, and here you will meet
 “with nothing but what is to mortify
 “tify you.”

“And who art thou,” demanded
Headstrong, “that takest such delight
 “light in vexing me?”

“My name,” said the other, “is
 “*Reflection*; I am not to be driven
 “away, nor bribed to absence.—
 “I come when I please, uncalled—
 “I enter alike the peasant’s
 “cottage, and the prince’s palace
 “—I shall be often troublesome

“to

“to you; but you will be better
 “acquainted with me when you
 “know how to fight *Passion*, to
 “wait for Miss *Patient*, and attend
 “to the guidance of *Reason* instead
 “of *Passion*.”

“I have lost them both,” cried
 the distressed traveller, “and shall
 “be glad to lose you too.” And
 with these words he set off, though
 not knowing the road he took;
 but he saw the rising sun shining on
 some distant verdant hills, which
 encouraged

encouraged him to make the best
of his way out of the forest.

At last he effected his purpose so
far, that he came to the side of a
large road, into which he resolved
to strike; and, as it seemed much
frequented, doubted not but it would
at last lead him to the way he had
left, as he always supposed that
every one was eager to take the
path to Happiness; but he forgot
how many in life mistake their end
by choosing evil for good, and so
missing of all they desire.



To Happiness all think they tend,
But see what crowds mistake their end.

Here

Here again he was joined by *Passion*, to whom he could not help observing, how much he had been disappointed at the palace of False Pleasure; but *Passion* soon reconciled this matter. "You know," said he, "travellers must now and then be disappointed; but all this may tend to good at last.—We are now upon our journey—and if we don't proceed with spirit, how are we to come to the end of it? For my part, I am always for going

on

on—Any thing is better than delay." "lay."

Master Headstrong easily gave in to this opinion, and went on with *Passion*, till meeting with several persons on the road, he asked them, whither they were bound? They all answered, To the Regions of Happiness—and he was doubly comforted when he found that several of them had not only chosen the same road, but had gone thro' the same troubles that he himself had experienced. So he proceed-

ed

ed in the greatest haste, and soon outwent all his companions, *Pagson* unseen still following at a distance.

At length, being much delighted, and his attention wholly employed with a prospect that charmed his sight, as the country was full of concealed pits, he fell unawares into one of them, from whence being unable to extricate himself, he fell into an agony of rage and despair, when, to his surprise, he suddenly saw the old man again standing

ing by the side of the pit—"Art thou there again to torment me?" said he—"Not so," answers the old man, "perhaps rather to help you; but be that as it may, as I told you before, I often come uncalled."—"If you talk of helping me," cries *Headstrong* hastily, "tell me how to get out of this pit."



Reflection oft will bitter prove,
Yet can unnumber'd ills remove.

“ You

“ You fell into it by your folly,”
replied *Reflection*, “ and you must
“ get out of it by your labour—
“ All seemed pleasant indeed, but
“ I told you this was the land of
“ Disappointment. However, you
“ must climb up that steepest place,
“ and then you must avoid the
“ broad pleasant path that is straight
“ before you, and keep the rugged,
“ narrow way to the left, till you
“ come up to those travellers whom
“ you can but just discern, they are
“ so far off.”

Master *Headstrong*, having made several trials to free himself by other means, was forced to follow this advice at last, and after getting out of the pit with much difficulty, and tracing the rugged narrow way, he came up with the travellers, whom he found waiting for him, and whom he now distinguished to be no other than *Reason* and Miss *Patient*, whom he had so long forsaken.

Tho' but just delivered from so many difficulties, he could not help observing

observing in his hasty way, that, after all the hindrances he had met with, they were not a bit more forward on the way than himself—Miss *Patient* justly observed, though that was true, yet they had proceeded on a more agreeable road, were well entertained at various places, and at last had taken a circuit, in order that he might overtake them—"Yes," adds *Reason*, "and now you are once more got into the right road, I hope you will take care to keep in it."

But the young traveller, whose chief fault was, that he could not bear a just rebuke, not answering a word, proceeded fullenly before them.

As he was thus going on, he saw a very agreeable shady bower on his right hand, towards which he was tempted to incline, and the more so, as *Reason*, who was pretty near, did not make any signs to check him; while, on the other hand, he was beckoned by a female figure in white robes. She

was

was seated in a beautiful alcove, near a running stream. In her right hand she held a glass; that she presented to all travellers, and through which they discovered the most agreeable prospects. Her left arm rested upon an anchor, and at her side stood one much younger than herself, whose eyes were sparkling, yet rather wild; and whose apparel was of all the colours that we see in the rainbow.

Inquiring of these, whether he was in the road to Happiness, they

assured him that he was, and offered him the glass, which shewed him a new prospect of the promised land.



Hope paints the distant prospects bright,
But oft deludes the keenest sight.

Hope

By

By this time Miss *Patient* and *Reason* both coming up, recalled him to the road, which he pursued with more briskness than ever, and was ready almost every minute to exclaim that he was just at his journey's end. *Reason* assured him of the contrary; while Miss *Patient* observed, that, should the journey be thrice as long, and thrice as troublesome, it was well worth their undertaking, if they arrived in safety at the place desired.—The other was not at all

pleased

pleased with this discourse, and observed it differed widely from what he had been told just before, by a most heavenly figure. “That heavenly figure is too often deceitful,” said *Reason*,” yet she is useful in life: her name is *Hope*; her younger sister, in the party-coloured cloaths, is called *Fancy*; and these have deluded thousands. But look before you, and you will judge whether they are always to be credited.”—

She had scarcely spoken, when they perceived,

perceived, just before them, a little decrepit old man, lame and deformed, with a chain upon his leg and a heavy burden on his shoulder—"Ask him to what place he is bound," said *Reason*; Master *Headstrong* did so—"Whither do you think?" said the old man, "but to the Land of Happiness, where I certainly shall soon arrive."—"And who told you so?" demanded *Reason*. "Why the Lady of the Anchor," replied the old man; "and I can depend

"depend on whatever she says."—And with these words he turned into a crossing road which led far to the left, and whither *Headstrong* was just ready to follow him, when *Reason* gave him a timely check, exclaiming, "Can you look at that man, and suppose him calculated for gaining the Land of Happiness?—Don't you know him? His name is *Misery*. He has been often flattered by the Lady of the Anchor, and he is still resolved to listen

“listen to her. I give you counsel
 “sel, but I see experience only can
 “make you wise: if you don’t listen
 “to me at the first call, I shall at
 “ways leave you to follow your
 “own fancies.”



There's none so wretched but will find,
 At times, some Hope, to sooth his mind.

Master

There's

Master *Headstrong* stood reproved; but, as usual, did not choose to confess his error, though he resolved to be a little more careful for the future; and when he saw *Misery* attempting rugged ways and stumbling at every step, could not help wondering at himself, for thinking him a proper person to direct the road to Happiness.

For some time this consideration had a strong effect upon our traveller; he did not go on so fast; he sometimes waited for *Mis*

Patient

Patient, and kept his eye frequently fixed upon *Reason*. While he proceeded in this manner, all things went right, and he even came within view of the beautiful rising hills of the country, before he thought entirely to trust to himself as he had formerly done. But now he began to be almost mad with joy. "I see the promised Land," said he—"If *Hope* deluded *Misery*,

"she has not deluded me—the
"path is plain, and in a little
"time, without either waiting for

D

the

"the slow approaches of Miss Pa-
 "tient, or being constantly curbed
 "by Reason, I shall come at the
 "end of my wishes."



Heedless indeed are those who stray
 Where haggard Mis'ry leads the way.

He then increased his pace, intending to distance his companions, to which he was the more strongly tempted, as a female, very gaudily dressed, came to his side, and assured him that she had been at the Land of which he was in search, and was ready to conduct him thither by the quickest way. Notwithstanding all that had been told him, Master *Headstrong* soon gave ear to her; she tripped on before, and he followed as lightly as if he trod on air; nor

in

in the midst of his joy, did he observe that she left the straight road that he had been charged to take, till he found himself in a sort of maze, and had lost the sight of his flattering conductress.

D 3

A short



A short return does Headstrong make,
And soon to his^s old ways will take.

Now

Now again was our traveller
assured of his rashness, and would
willingly have gone back again,
had he known which way to take;
but as he did not, he immediately
began, according to his custom, to
fall into a rage, and plunged farther
and farther into the maze, while he
thought to get out of it in a hurry.
At length, in the deepest part of
the wilderness, he met with a per-
son who was wrapped up, from
head to foot, in a dark cloak, and
so muffled, that his face could not

D 4

be



Experience may those ills assuage,
Which owe their birth to Passion's rage,

be

be seen—This man offered him his assistance to lead him out of the maze, which being readily accepted, he was as good as his word; and Master *Headstrong* at length found himself in a spacious road, in which his conductor ordered him to keep, telling him that his name was *Experience*, and he hoped, at least, his counsel would not be thrown away, as he had often made fools wise.

Our traveller now went on again for a long time without interruption,

tion, and in the evening laid himself down to rest, under a pleasant shade by the road side, which he afterwards understood to be no other than the bower of Satisfaction.



By crooked ways to raise to Fame
Is vain—False Honour's but a name.

By

He

He was so much refreshed with the night's repose, that rising early the next morning, he thought himself equal to every undertaking, so forgetting *Miss Patient*, and *Reason*, he proceeded with the greatest swiftness on his journey. It was not long before he arrived at a place where he found these words written in gold letters, THIS IS THE ROAD TO FAME AND HAPPINESS.

He was transported with joy at seeing this, and resolved to follow the

track, which led him to the foot of a high rock, on the top of which he saw a most pompous building.

Caution



Caution is good—tho' Headstrong still
Would rather follow his own will.

He could plainly observe a way
to it, which led through a long
road, far off to the right; but as
he found it must take a great deal
of time to follow this, he resolv-
ed to take a little crooked path,
that he doubted not would pre-
sently bring him to the top of
the hill. He proposed to enter
on it immediately, but he soon
found the difficulties that attend-
ed his undertaking were much
greater than he had at first ima-
gined they would be: many a
rugged

rugged rock he had to climb, and many a blast of wind was often near over-setting him, and throwing him from the height to which he was ascending. However, as he was not easily discouraged, he got through a number of difficulties, and was come almost to the spot where the building stood, when, just as he thought to climb the summit, he fell down a precipice that he had not observed, and rolled till he came to the mouth of a cave, into which he



If Reason be not kept in view,
Disgrace and danger may ensue.

E

had

If

had certainly fallen, but that he was suddenly relieved by a Fairy Form, who snatched him from the danger, set him upright, and telling him the impossibility there was then of reaching the top of the rock, led him by slow degrees down the hill, and landed him on the even plain.

When he asked, what all this meant, and to whom he was obliged for his safety? "My name," said his deliverer, "is the Fairy *Caition*—You were just going to

" be

" be lost in the cave of *Infamy*,
 " when I came so happily to your
 " deliverance—I am the daughter
 " of *Experience*, and confin ger-
 " man to *Reason*, without whose
 " company you should not have
 " proceeded on your expedition.
 " Seek out the companions that
 " you have lost, or you must ne-
 " ver hope to get well to the end
 " of your journey. Turn to the
 " right, and you'll find the great
 " road:—it is not necessary that
 " you should pass through the

“ Temple of Fame, that is not
 “ every one’s lot; but you must
 “ enter the Temple of *Virtue* be-
 “ fore you can possibly arrive at the
 “ regions of Happiness.”

The Fairy disappeared, and Mas-
 ter *Headstrong* promised to follow
 her directions, and was not long
 before he came into the main road,
 and again saw those hills which had
 once so much delighted him—
 What was still better for him he
 met again with his fellow travel-
 lers, who never reproached him for
 his

his imprudence, but continued their
 course, *Reason* making signs for him
 to follow her directions, which he
 was at present well disposed to obey;
 and so they all went in company.



With Reason when our wishes join,
Will still promote each good design.

At

Master Headstrong.

71

At length they came in sight of the Temple which the Fairy Cautious had mentioned; there were three avenues, at the end of all which the building appeared full in view. One of these paths appeared to be strewed with flowers; the second was level, broad, and even: but the middle way, narrow, rugged, and in many places looked as if it was full of thorns. Master Headstrong, who was by this time again got before his companions, chose the first of these, which began

E 4

to

to wind in such a manner, that he
was out of sight of *Reason* and *Miss*
Patient before he was aware of his
mistake.



When first we enter Folly's way,
We know not that we go astray.

Turning

When

Turning back and missing Reason, he was at first sorry (as was generally the case) for his rashness; but upon looking forward, as he thought, he still had the Temple in view, he comforted himself with the notion that he was in the right road, and concluded that his companions would soon come up with him. In the mean time, he amused himself with gathering the flowers which grew on either hand in great plenty; and presently observing some trees which

which he thought bore very fine fruit, he (like our parents Adam and Eve) was tempted to pluck and eat, which he had no sooner done, than he lost all thoughts of Reason, and went on through various winding paths, without considering how his journey would end; and though he no longer saw the Temple, was now so intoxicated with the fruit, that he wandered on till he was weary, and then laid himself down to rest upon the first bank he came to;

Deluded



Deluded men see joys arise,
Which fade before their sober eyes.

but

Master Headstrong. 77

but waking suddenly, was a little surprised to find that he had been sleeping upon the brink of a deep river.—He got up in haste, began to rub his eyes, and looked about him to see if he could any where discover the prospect of the Temple of *Virtue*, or the Hills of *Happiness*; when he could see neither of these, he attempted to go back again by the way he came; but every step he took, he found the road less pleasant, the flowers were faded, and all things

wore

wore a different appearance from what he had before experienced.

While Master *Headstrong* was wondering at this change, the skies began to lour, and a terrible storm arose. The noise of the rolling thunder, and the roaring of wild beasts, now struck him with more horror than he had ever experienced since he left the Land of Disappointment. He proceeded on his way, however, as well as he could, till at last he reached a little cottage, which he entered in

great

great haste to shelter himself from the storm. The owner appeared to be a very surly person, and, though he admitted him willingly enough, never offered him any refreshment, nor bade him welcome. He now once more attempted to get some repose, for which purpose he threw himself upon a couch; but the bed seemed to be strewed with thorns, which, though he could not see them, pricked him so much, that it was not possible for him to sleep.

Besides

Besides this, he no sooner closed his eyes than a number of imps ran little spikes into his sides, disappearing as soon as he began to look about him.



Care, that disturber of the breast,
Where-e're he comes, denies all rest.

F

Thus

Care,

Thus tormented, our traveller being heartily weary of his lodging, and rising in a rage, asked his landlord who he was, and what was the reason he suffered him to be thus ill-treated? "My name is *Care*," said the surly host, "and this is the entertainment which I always give my guests." "Farewell then," cried his guest, "I will sooner venture through the worst of storms than stay any longer with you."

At

At these words he made directly towards the door, but finding it fastened, fell into an agony of despair. Recovering himself, however, he at last thought he saw a breach in the walls of this shattered dwelling, through which he made his escape, while *Care* turned his back. Yet some of his impursued him for a long way, and tormented him till he met with a female of vast size, that had by her a lion, who scared them away. As our traveller was again at a stand,

she ordered him to draw near—"I
 " will do you no harm," said she,
 " I shall be your friend? my name
 " is *Fortitude*, I am the daughter
 " of *Resignation*.—This lion is my
 " emblem. Keep company with
 " me, and I will bear you out
 " through all dangers, and put
 " you at last into the right road;
 " but you must pass yonder stream
 " before you can again get sight of
 " the Temple of *Virtue*." She
 then led him by the hand, till he
 came to a deep black river, into
 which

which he plunged, and the waves
 going over his head, seemed as if he
 would be lost for some time.



Repentance oft is bitter found,
But often with content is crown'd.

At

At last he got safe to the other side, but not till he had swallowed a great deal of water—*Fortitude* then put him into the plain middle road, which, though, at first it appeared to be thorny, grew more pleasant at every step. Here he once more met with *Miss Patient* and *Reason*, whom he resolved never more to leave. The latter told him the stream he had passed, and of which he had drank so deeply, was called the *bitter water of Repentance*; and congratulating him on his

escape, they led him by a steep ascent to the Temple of *Virtue*. He no sooner arrived there, than from the hill on which the building was situated, he viewed the road he had taken, and while he was convinced of the many mistakes he had committed, wondered how he had escaped the perils of his journey. Miss *Patient* and Lady *Fortitude* now led him into the temple, where the goddess received him with joy

Reason



Reason, Religion, Patience, show
The way to every bliss below.

He

He offered to Heaven at her altar;
and afterwards Miss *Patient*, *Reason*,
and *Fortitude*, with a grave matron,
called *Religion*, went out with him;
and conducted him on the road to
Happiness.

The prospect was now really be-
fore him, and he soon began to as-
cend those pleasant hills which he
had so long viewed at a distance.
He was no longer in fear of the
snares of *False Pleasure*, the troubles
of *Disappointment*, or the sharp pangs
of *Care*. The sweet and whole-

some

some air of the country relieved
him from all his fatigues; and re-
freshed his wearied spirits, and he
took care never to lose sight of his
conductors till he arrived at the
promised land; where, however,
he saw but few of those whom he
had formerly seen pursuing their
journey thither.

By



By Virtue thus at last we gain
The end we labour to attain.

My

My young Reader, when you
look over this fable, mark the moral
with a steady attention. *Passion*,
by which Master *Headstrong* was
too much led, is that violent desire
of pleasure which can never lead to
good, but when it is restrained by
Patience, and guided by *Reason*.
Happiness is indeed pursued by every
body, each in his own way; but,
alas! how many do we see, deluded
by *False Pleasure*, instead of obtain-
ing the prize, sink into misery and
infamy! *Hope* is indeed often ready

to assist us ; but *Hope* without *Reason* is but a false appearance, and he that will pursue the paths of Vice, can never hope to get again into the road of *Happiness* till he has swallowed large draughts of the bitter waters of *Repentance*.

“ To be good is to be happy.”
There is, therefore, no other way to attain true *Pleasure*, but by a righteous life ; no way to *Happiness*, but by the means of *Religion* and *Virtue*.

THE END.